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No 262

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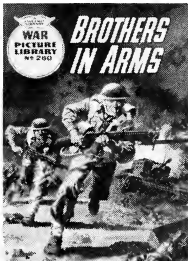
UNTAMED



**ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS...ACTION...DRAMA...**

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 260 BROTHERS IN ARMS



Shame had marched with them over the centuries. Could nothing wipe out the bitter memories of the past ?

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

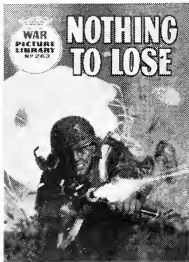
No. 261 GLORY ROAD

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 2nd November, are :—

No. 264 U-983

No. 265 TOTAL WAR

No. 263 NOTHING TO LOSE



He asked for a mission that only a desperate man would undertake—and they made him an executioner !

No. 266 DEVILS' TATTOO

No. 267 PRIMED TO KILL

UNTAMED

ALL OVER BRITAIN IN THE WINTER OF 1939, MEN WERE BEING UPROOTED FROM HOMES AND JOBS AND SUCKED INTO THE WAR MACHINE TO BE MOULDED INTO FIGHTING MEN. AMONG THEM WERE THREE MEN FROM LIVERPOOL. WAR MEANT LITTLE TO THEM FOR THEY HAD ALWAYS WAGED THEIR OWN PRIVATE WAR AGAINST AUTHORITY.



Chapter 1. *The Wild Ones*

THE THREE MEN OF OUR STORY CAME FROM THE LIVERPOOL SLUMS. THEIR LEADER WAS DANNY MALLOY.

I KNOW ONE THING, WHACKERS. NO PUTTY-NOSED DRILL SERGEANT'S GONNA PUSH ME AROUND. I'M GONNA MAKE THIS ARMY LARK A SOFT LIE-IN.

HEY, LOOK — A CANTEEN. LET'S GO...



BUT A TALL M.P. STOPPED THEM AS THEY APPROACHED THE REFRESHMENT ROOM. MALLOY STARTED TO BRISTLE AT ONCE.

WHERE DO YOU LOT THINK YOU'RE GOING ?

BUZZ OFF, SONNY! SHAVE THAT FLUFF OFF YER CHEEK BEFORE YOU TALK TO A SCouser!



THE M.P. WAS YOUNG AND UNSURE OF HIMSELF. HE PUT A HAND ON MALLOY'S ARM AND THEN THE PRIVATE REACTED SAVAGELY.

NONE OF YOUR
LIP! I SAID...
UGH!



IT WAS QUITE A FIGHT.

GET THE BOYS,
SID. WE'VE GOT
THREE SCOUSERS
HERE AND THEY'RE
OUT FOR TROUBLE!
HURRY!



THE THREE LIVERPUDIANS WERE NOT LICKED. THEY HAD MERELY BEEN REGISTERING THEIR PROTEST.

OKAY, GET 'EM TO THE BARRACKS. WHEN THE BULL GETS TO WORK ON THESE DOCKRATS, HE'LL MAKE 'EM SORRY THEY'D EVER BEEN BORN!

HEY, WHACKER. WHAT DOES THAT BAND ON YER ARM MEAN? MOTHER'S PRIDE?

ON THE BARRACK-SQUARE OF THE 7TH. LANCASTRIAN REGIMENT, SERGEANT BULLIVANT WAITED WEARILY FOR THE NEW DRAFT.

HERE THEY COME, TOM. ANOTHER LOAD OF MISFITS, MISTAKES AND MISPRINTS.

TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE THREE APES IN FRONT. THEY MUST THINK THIS IS THE LABOUR EXCHANGE!

TOM BULLIVANT—KNOWN AS THE "THE BULL"—WAS A TOUGH, DEDICATED N.C.O., A MAKER AND BREAKER OF MEN.

LINE 'EM UP, SERGEANT—AND GET ME THE NAMES OF THOSE THREE MEN!

OKAY, SERGEANT.

SERGEANT BULLIVANT WAS AN EXPERT — HE SINGLED MALLOY OUT AT ONCE.



BULLIVANT'S JAW TIGHTENED. HIS COLD GREEN EYES STARED INTO THE MOCKING GREY EYES OF MALLOY. HIS VOICE PURRLED WITH MENACE.





BULLIVANT HAD HEARD BUT HIS FACE GAVE NO INDICATION. HE COULD AFFORD TO WAIT. HE HELD ALL THE CARDS.

AS THE MEN BROKE RANK, THE BULL MADE THE FIRST MOVE.

HOLD THOSE THREE BACK FOR SPECIAL INSTRUCTION, SERGEANT. ISSUE THEM WITH RIFLES AND LOADED PACKS. I'LL TAKE THEM MYSELF.

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!



COLDLY, RELENTLESSLY, THE SERGEANT SET OUT TO TAKE THE THREE LIVERPOOL MEN APART AND GATHER UP THE PIECES TO MOULD THEM INTO THE LIKENESS OF A TRAINED SOLDIER.

LEF' RI'—LEF' RI'!
HEAD UP, GALLAGHER!
PUT SOME LIFE INTO IT,
WALSH!





BUT MALLOY, THE MAN THEY LOOKED TO INSTINCTIVELY FOR LEADERSHIP, PLAYED BULLVANT AT HIS OWN GAME. FOR HE HAD JUDGED THE VETERAN SERGEANT SHREWDLY.



MALLOY HAD FOUND THE CHINK
IN BULLIVANT'S ARMOUR.

I'VE GOT THIS
ARMY LARK TAPED.
BELT A STRIPEJACK
AND YOU'RE IN
TROUBLE. YOU
GOTTA BE CLEVER—
AND ACT STUPID.
GIVE BULLIVANT THE
SLOW GRIN AND MUCK
UP HIS PARADES. YOU
SEE HOW IT WORKS.

BULLIVANT HAZED THE THREE
RECRUITS RELENTLESSLY, BUT TO
NO AVAIL.

THEY'RE PLAYING THE
OLD SOLDIER WITH YOU,
TOM. MALLOY'S
DEAD FLY.

NO BARRACK-
ROOM WIDE BOY'S
GOING TO LICK ME.
I'LL BREAK HIM OR
TURN IN MY STRIPES.

THEN, ONE DAY, A NEW DRAFT ARRIVED.
AND AMONG THEM WAS PRIVATE
ACTON, A TIMID YOUTH.

ACTON'S UTTERLY USELESS,
SERGEANT. WE COULDN'T
MAKE A SOLDIER OF
HIM IN A
HUNDRED
YEARS.

HERE, GIVE
IT TO ME, ACTON.
I'LL SHOW YOU AGAIN...

TWO DAYS LATER, AT COMBAT TRAINING, BULLIVANT CAME UPON ACTON GROVELLING IN THE DIRT.

IT'S ONLY A MANOEUVRE, MAN! A TASTE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET IN BATTLE.

I—I CAN'T, SERGEANT! I'M SCARED! ALL THAT NOISE...

AND BECAUSE ACTON WAS IN CONFLICT WITH THE MAN HE HATED, MALLOY SPRANG TO HIS DEFENCE.

YELLOW LITTLE SQUIRT! HE OUGHT TO BE...

PIPE DOWN, GALLAGHER. THE KID'S DEAD SCARED. ANYBODY BUT A BONEHEAD SERGEANT COULD SEE THAT. I'M GOING BACK.



THE SHOULDERING ANTAGONISM HAD REACHED FLASHPOINT.

I'M GIVING YOU ONE MORE CHANCE, ACTON. GET IN LINE WITH THE OTHERS!

WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF THE KID, YOU LOUD-MOUTHED IMITATION OF A SOLDIER!

BULLIVANT TURNED TO FACE MALLOY. A MUSCLE TWITCHED IN HIS JAW. HIS VOICE WAS LOW AND DEADLY.

WHAT DID YOU SAY, MALLOY?

YOU HEARD ME! IF YOU AND THAT KID EVER RUN INTO THE REAL STUFF, MY MONEY WILL BE ON ACTON! BULLIVANT, YOU'RE JUST A BIG BLUFF!

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME ANYONE HAD EVER QUESTIONED BULLIVANT'S COURAGE — IT HAD TO BE MALLOY!

CORPORAL, DETAIL TWO MEN TO ESCORT MALLOY BACK TO THE BARRACKS. I'M PUTTING HIM ON A CHARGE FOR...

AND HERE'S SOMETHING TO MAKE IT STICK...



SLOWLY BULLIVANT PICKED HIMSELF UP, HIS HEAD STILL RINGING FROM THE SLEDGE-HAMMER PUNCH OF THE TOUGH PRIVATE.



THREE DAYS LATER, MALLOY WAS COURT-MARTIALLED AND SENTENCED TO A SHORT TERM IN A MILITARY PRISON.

WHAT DID HE
GET, CORP?

A MONTH IN THE GLASSHOUSE!
THEY'LL TAKE HIM APART!
THOSE OLD HANDS THERE
HAVE A WAY WITH
TOUGH NUTS.



AND SO MALLOY SWEATED OUT HIS TERM IN STOICAL SILENCE — WHILE THE CORE OF HATRED FOR BULLIVANT BURNED A HOLE INSIDE HIM.

KEEP IT UP!
YOU, THERE, STRINGER!
GET YOUR FEET
UP!

ALL I WANT IS ANOTHER
CRACK AT BULLIVANT—BUT
NEXT TIME I'LL DO IT THE
SMART WAY. AND IT'LL
BE FOR KEEPS!



Chapter 2. The Conquerors

MALLOY RETURNED TO HIS UNIT A CHANGED MAN, A MAN WITH A PURPOSE — DEADLY, VICIOUS AND IMPLACABLE!

HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT, DANNY? WAS IT AS ROUGH AS THEY SAID?

I DID MY STINT. NOW DROP IT. ALL I'M INTERESTED IN NOW IS BULLIVANT!



NEXT MORNING, BULLIVANT WAITED FOR MALLOY.

I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, MALLOY. MAYBE WE CAN START AGAIN...

CUT OUT THE SOFT SOAP, SERGEANT. YOU JUST WATCH YOUR STEP!







IT WAS SPRING, 1940. THE NAZI WAR MACHINE, COILED LIKE A STEEL SPRING, SUDDENLY UNLEASHED. IN A FEW VIOLENT WEEKS, THE CLATTERING PANZERS OVERRAN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.



BUT IT WAS TRUE. IN BERLIN, A STRUTTING LITTLE EX-HOUSE PAINTER LOOKED UP FROM HIS WAR MAPS AND HIS COLD EYES GLITTERED WITH EXULTATION OVER HIS GENERALS.



THROUGH SEDAN, THE OLD GATEWAY OF THE CONQUERERS, THE ENDLESS PANZERS GROUND AND CLATTERED—THEN FANNED OUT IN PRONGS OF STEEL.



IT WAS THE BLITZKRIEG — THE LIGHTNING WAR. BEATEN TO THEIR KNEES, THE FRENCH SURRENDERED AND THE B.E.F. WERE TRAPPED IN AN ALIEN LAND.



THE FEUD BETWEEN PRIVATE MALLOY AND SERGEANT BULLIVANT SHRANK TO A TRIVIALITY AGAINST THE SOMBRE BACKCLOTH OF DEFEAT.



THE ROADS WERE CHOKED WITH REFUGEES, FLEEING IN TERROR BEFORE THE JACKBOOTED CONQUERORS.

THEY ARE
COMING! THE
BOCHES ARE
COMING!

THIS MORNING I SAW
MEN FIGHTING TANKS WITH
THEIR FISTS! WE CANNOT
RESIST THEM! FRANCE
IS BEATEN!



IN THE LATE AFTERNOON,
THE LANCASTRIAN'S COLUMN
PULLED UP A MILE FROM
GUERLAC.

LOOKS EMPTY,
SIR. NO SIGN OF
MOVEMENT.

COULD BE A
TRAP THOUGH. ASKWITH,
MAKE UP A RECCE PARTY TO
CHECK UP. IF YOU MEET
ANYTHING, SEND UP A
FLARE.





QUICK, SERGEANT. I WANT YOU AND FOUR MEN FOR A RECCE JOB. WE'LL TAKE THOSE FOUR THERE. LET'S GET STARTED.

RIGHT, SIR.

BULLIVANT SMILED GRIMLY. THE YOUNG OFFICER'S CHOICE HAD FALLEN ON THE THREE LIVERPOOL MEN—AND PRIVATE ACTON!

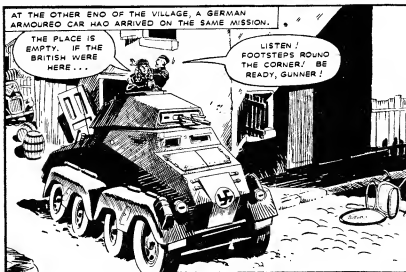


THEY FOUND GUERLAC TO BE A GHOST VILLAGE, ABANDONED BY ITS INHABITANTS.

NOT A SOUL LEFT, SERGEANT. THEY MUST HAVE PANICKED AND GOT OUT.

ALL THE SAME, I DON'T LIKE THE FEEL OF IT, SIR. IT'S TOO QUIET TO BE TRUE.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE VILLAGE, A GERMAN ARMoured CAR HAD ARRIVED ON THE SAME MISSION.



THE PLACE IS EMPTY. IF THE BRITISH WERE HERE...

LISTEN! FOOTSTEPS ROUND THE CORNER! BE READY, GUNNER!

THE BRITISH PATROL WERE WALKING INTO A TRAP.

FOLLOW
ME. STICK TO
THE WALLS.

ACTON,
STAY BEHIND
ME ON ONE SIDE.
YOU THREE TAKE
THE OTHER
SIDE.

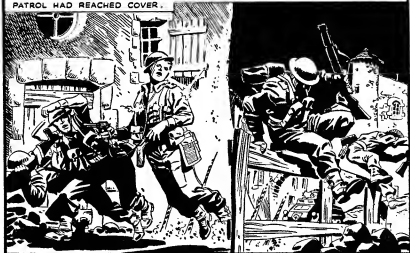


THE BATTLE-SENSES OF THE VETERAN SERGEANT HAD WARNED HIM OF DANGER...

GET
BACK! IT'S
A TRAP!



A HAIL OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS SCoured THE STREET BUT MOST OF THE PATROL HAD REACHED COVER.



BULLIVANT AND ACTON WERE BY A RECESSED DOORWAY.



THIS DOOR BEHIND US IS LOCKED. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK IT DOWN AND GET INSIDE. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE. GIVE ME A HAND, ACTON!

I... I CAN'T! I'M FRIGHTENED!



BERSERK WITH FURY AT WHAT HE IMAGINED TO BE BULLIVANT'S TREACHERY, MALLOY LEAPED THE WALL AND STARTED TO RUN TOWARDS ACTON.



AS MALLOY PEERED DOWN INTO THE DEAD FACE OF PRIVATE ACTON, BULLIVANT KNELT AND TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



IN THE STILLNESS THAT FOLLOWED THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN GUNNER, MALLOY HEARD BULLIVANT'S RASPING VOICE.

WASTE NO TIME ON HIM, SOLDIER. HE'S DEAD!

YOU BET HE'S DEAD—AND YOU KILLED HIM! YOU PUSHED HIM OUT TO MEET THOSE JERRY BULLETS!



LISTEN TO ME, SCOUSER! ACTON TRIED TO RUN FOR IT AND THEY GOT HIM! THE SAME AS THEY'LL GET US IF WE STAND HERE CHEWING THE FAT! NOW SHUT UP AND GET GOING!



THEY RAN THROUGH THE EMPTY HOUSE AND OUT AT THE REAR.

YOU'RE LYING, SERGEANT! I THINK...

I DON'T CARE TWO HOOTS WHAT YOU THINK, MALLOY! ALL I KNOW IS IF WE DON'T STOP THAT JERRY CAR BEFORE IT REPORTS BACK—THE LADS WILL BE TRAPPED AND CUT TO PIECES! NOW FOLLOW ME!



Chapter 3. Honour The Brave

AS THEY EMERGED INTO THE STREET AGAIN, BULLIVANT DUCKED BACK SHARPLY.

HERE IT COMES NOW. WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT—SOMEHOW!

WHAT ABOUT THAT TRUCK THERE? IF WE CRASH IT INTO THE JERRY IT WILL STOP ANYTHING, SHORT OF A TANK.

NEXT MOMENT, MALLOY HAD DIVED ACROSS THE STREET TOWARDS THE TRUCK CAB.

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT. THEY'LL GUN HIM TO PIECES BEFORE HE CAN MOVE!

YOU DON'T KNOW MALLOY, SARGE. IF THERE'S ANY LIFE LEFT IN THAT JUNKHEAP, HE'LL GET IT MOVING!

THE ANCIENT ENGINE STAMMERED AND ALMOST DIED. THEN IT PICKED UP WITH THE CLATTER OF A THOUSAND TIN-CANS. AT THIRTY YARDS, THE ARMOURD CAR OPENED FIRE...



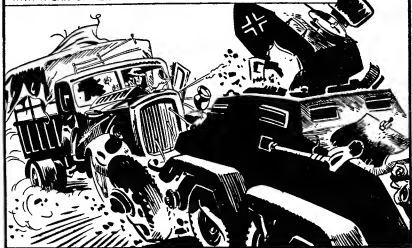
MALLOY KICKED IN THE CLUTCH AND THE TRUCK LUMBERED INTO MID-STREET WHILE THE A.F.V.'S GUN HAMMERED AT IT DESPERATELY.



I CAN'T STOP IT! IT'S GOING TO HIT US!

HE'S BLOCKING THE STREET! KEEP BLASTING THE SWINE WITH YOUR GUN!

BUT NEXT MOMENT, THE ANCIENT TRUCK RAMMED INTO THE CAR WITH A JAR OF RENDING METAL.



FRANTICALLY, THE GERMAN CREW BALED OUT— INTO A BLIZZARD OF LEAD FROM SERGEANT BULLIVANT AND HIS CREW.



MALLOY ROUNDED ON THE SERGEANT SCORNFULLY.

YOU BET IT'S WAR, BULLIVANT!
AND THEY ALL COME THE SAME
TO YOU—JERRIES OR OUR OWN
LADS! I SAW WHAT YOU DID
TO ACTON AND I'M GONNA
GET YOU FOR THAT!

MAYBE SOMEDAY
YOU'LL GET YOUR
CHANCE, MALLOY, BUT
MEANWHILE I'M STILL
YOUR SERGEANT. AND
WHAT I SAY GOES!

THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE 7TH LANCASTRIANS MOVED THROUGH SILENT GUERLAC AND HALTED IN THE COUNTRY BEYOND.

SO FAR, WE'VE HAD
THE LUCK, BUT THE ENEMY
CAN'T BE FAR AWAY. WE'LL
POST GUARDS TO WATCH
THE ROADS IN EITHER
DIRECTION AND MOVE
OFF AT DAWN.



JUST AFTER DAWN THE NEXT DAY, THEY SAW THE PATROLLING MESSERSCHMITT'S CIRCLE AT A DISTANCE AND DISAPPEAR OVER THE EASTERN HORIZON.

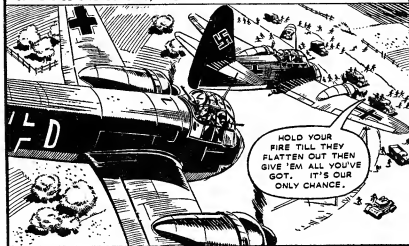
THEY'VE SEEN US. WON'T BE LONG NOW.

I'LL HAVE BREN GUN CREWS MOUNTED IN THE TRUCKS. THEY MIGHT PICK OFF ONE OR TWO OF THEM.



AN HOUR LATER, THE FIRST WAVE OF ENEMY AIRCRAFT CAME IN. THEY WERE JUNKERS 88 OIVE-BOMBERS, BLACK AND SINISTER IN THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT.

HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL THEY FLATTEN OUT THEN GIVE 'EM ALL YOU'VE GOT. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.

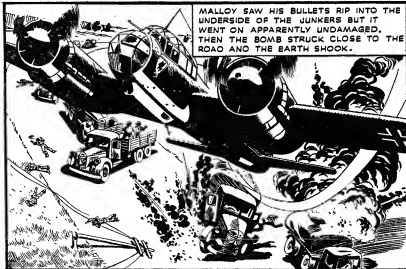


SERGEANT BULLIVANT JUDGED THE BOMB RUN OF ONE JUNKER THROUGH NARROWED EYES AS MALLORY MANNED THE BREN.

WAIT FOR IT,
MALLORY. WAIT—
NOW! LET HIM
HAVE IT!



MALLOY SAW HIS BULLETS RIP INTO THE UNDERSIDE OF THE JUNKERS BUT IT WENT ON APPARENTLY UNDAIMAGED. THEN THE BOMB STRUCK CLOSE TO THE ROAD AND THE EARTH SHOOK.



HARD ON THE TAILS OF THE BOMBERS CAME THE MESSERSCHMITTS, LIKE JACKALS FOLLOWING THE HUNTING LION.



FOR HALF AN HOUR THE CONVOY WAS BLASTED, SLASHED AND SCIENTIFICALLY RIPPED APART—A SITTING TARGET FOR THE LUFTWAFFE.

GET THOSE
WRECKED VEHICLES
OFF THE ROAD.
WE MUST GO ON!



AT LAST THE ATTACK CEASED, LEAVING A TRAIL OF SHATTERED VEHICLES AND BROKEN MEN. THE 7TH LANCASTRIANS WERE A REGIMENT IN NAME ONLY.

NOW YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WAR'S ALL ABOUT, SCOUSSER. ONE MORE MAULING LIKE THAT AND WE'VE HAD IT!



THEY LIMPED NORTHWARDS, TOWARDS THE COAST WHERE LAY THEIR ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL.

TEN MILES FARTHER NORTH WE STRIKE THE RIVER. IF WE CAN MAKE THE CROSSING...

JERRY'S NO FOOL, SIR, HE'LL PROBABLY BE WAITING FOR US AT THE BRIDGE — IF HE HASN'T DESTROYED IT ALREADY!



WHAT ABOUT OUR WOUNDED, SIR? THE MEDICAL UNIT WAS WIPED OUT BY A BOMB-HIT. MOST OF THOSE MEN WILL DIE IF THEY DON'T GET EXPERT ATTENTION.

CAN'T BE HELPED, MILLER. PUT THEM AT THE REAR OF THE COLUMN AND MARK THE VEHICLES WITH RED CROSSES. WE CAN DO NO MORE!





THE OLD ANTAGONISM, DAMPED DOWN
BY THE STRESS OF BATTLE FLARED UP
ANEW.

MAYBE SOMEDAY THEY'LL
SEND FOR YOU TO GIVE 'EM
A FEW WRINKLES—BUT
MEANTIME YOU'RE A COMMON
PRIVATE WHO DOES
WHAT HE'S TOLD.



YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW, MALLOY—NOT LOOKING FOR FIGHTS IN A CHEAP LIVERPOOL CAFE! THIS WAR'S A LOT MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU OR ME!

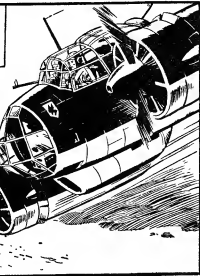
NOT TO ME, IT AIN'T! SOMEDAY, BULLIVANT, I'LL GET YOU WHERE YOU CAN'T PULL RANK.



LATER THAT DAY, THE STRICKEN COLUMN HALTED IN SIGHT OF THE BRIDGE.

SHALL I SEND OUT A RECCE PARTY, SIR?

THERE'S NO TIME, MILLER. WE'VE GOT TO RISK IT. GET THEM OVER AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN. I'D HATE TO BE CAUGHT THERE BY A FLIGHT OF JUNKERS.



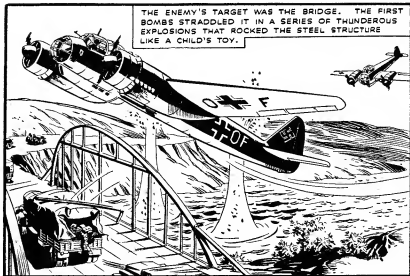
COLONEL HAROING'S WORST FEARS WERE REALISED. THREE QUARTERS OF THE CONVOY HAD MADE THE CROSSING WHEN THE JUNKERS CAME IN FROM THE EAST, LIKE VULTURES FOR THE KILLING.

HURRY ON, THERE! KEEP GOING!

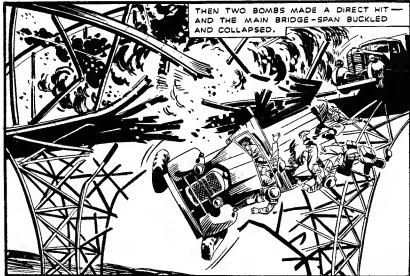
HERE THEY COME! THEY'VE GOT US JUST WHERE THEY WANT US!



THE ENEMY'S TARGET WAS THE BRIDGE. THE FIRST BOMBS STRADDLED IT IN A SERIES OF THUNDEROUS EXPLOSIONS THAT ROCKED THE STEEL STRUCTURE LIKE A CHILD'S TOY.



THEN TWO BOMBS MADE A DIRECT HIT — AND THE MAIN BRIDGE-SPAN BUCKLED AND COLLAPSED.



SERGEANT BULLIVANT STRAIGHTENED UP FROM HIS GUN WEARILY.

THE LADS OVER THERE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEIR CHANCE. HEY, MALLOY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MY TWO MATES ARE BACK THERE. I'M GOING BACK TO 'EM!



YOU'LL STAY HERE, MALLOY. THAT'S AN ORDER! IF YOU QUIT YOUR POST I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT FOR DESERTION!

JUST LIKE YOU KILLED ACTON, HUH? OKAY, BULLIVANT, YOU TRY AND STOP ME!



THE SERGEANT'S IRON CONTROL GAVE WAY. HE SWUNG MALLOY ROUND AND...



POWERED BY THIRTEEN STONES OF MUSCLE AND SINEW, THE SERGEANT'S PUNCH FELLED MALLOY LIKE A LOG.

JERRY'S PULLED OUT AND WE'RE MOVING ON. WHAT'S HAPPENED, SERGEANT? IS HE HURT?

NO, SIR, JUST SHAKEN UP. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



THE JOLTING OF THE TRUCK ROUSED MALLOY AND HE FOCUSED HIS PUNCH-HAZED EYES ON THE CRAGGY FACE OF SERGEANT BULLIVANT.

ANY MORE WHACKY IDEAS ABOUT GOING BACK TO YOUR MATES, SCOUSER? THERE'S TWO MILES OF ROAD AND A RIVER BETWEEN YOU NOW.

YOU BIG APE! YOU HIT ME ON THE TURN. WHERE DID YOU LEARN THAT TRICK?



BULLIVANT CAUGHT A FAINT NOTE OF GRUINGING RESPECT IN THE LIVERPOOL MAN'S VOICE AND SMILED INWARDLY.

I WAS FIGHTING WHEN YOU WERE PEEOLING NEWSPAPERS, SOLDIER. THAT'S ONLY ONE OF THE TRICKS I KNOW.

MAYBE I'LL TEACH YOU A FEW MORE WHEN THE TIME COMES. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

MEANWHILE, GALLAGHER AND WALSH WAITED BESIDE THEIR STRANDED TRUCKS.

WE'VE GOT ELEVEN WOUNDED WITH US. IF THEY DON'T GET ATTENTION SOON THEY'LL DIE.

OKAY, WE'LL HAVE A SCOUT ROUND. BETTER GET THESE TRUCKS OFF THE ROAD IN CASE JERRY COMES BACK.



THE HILLSIDE NEAR THEM WAS COVERED BY A SPINNEY AND GALLAGHER AND WALSH MADE FOR IT FIRST...

HEY, WHACKER, COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS. THEY DDN'T EVEN KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON!

THEY HAD STUMBLED ON A MONASTERY SLUMBERING IN THE AFTERNOON SUN, A HAVEN OF PEACE AMID THE CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION OF WAR.

MONKS! MAYBE THEY'LL LOOK AFTER OUR LADS.

OKAY, LET'S FIND THEIR GAFFER AND ASK HIM.

THE ABBOT SUMMED UP THE TWO LIVERPOOL MEN AT ONCE FOR HE HAD SERVED IN A MANCHESTER SLUM PARISH AND HE RECOGNISED THE BREED.

IT'S LIKE THIS, POP. SOME OF OUR LADS ARE WOUNDED, SEE? JERRY BOMBS...

I UNDERSTAND, MY SON. BRING YOUR SICK MEN HERE. FORTUNATELY, SOME OF OUR BROTHERS ARE SKILLED IN MEDICINE. WE WILL DO WHAT WE CAN.

SOON AFTER GALLAGHER
AND WALSH HAD GONE...

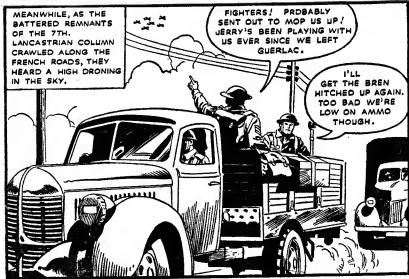
FATHER, THOSE TWO
RASCALS STOLE SOME FOOD
FROM THE KITCHENS ON
THEIR WAY OUT!

IT DOES NOT
MATTER, BROTHER
ANGELO. MEN LIKE
THAT ARE TOO PROUD
TO ASK—SO THEY
STEAL!

MEANWHILE, AS THE
BATTERED REMNANTS
OF THE 7TH.
LANCASTRIAN COLUMN
CRAWLED ALONG THE
FRENCH ROADS, THEY
HEARD A HIGH DRONING
IN THE SKY.

FIGHTERS! PROBABLY
SENT OUT TO MOP US UP!
JERRY'S BEEN PLAYING WITH
US EVER SINCE WE LEFT
GUERLAC.

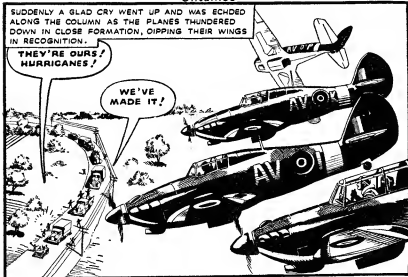
I'LL
GET THE BREN
HITCHED UP AGAIN.
TOO BAD WE'RE
LOW ON AMMO
THOUGH.



SUDDENLY A GLAD CRY WENT UP AND WAS ECHDED ALONG THE COLUMN AS THE PLANES THUNDERED DOWN IN CLOSE FORMATION, OIPING THEIR WINGS IN RECOGNITION.

THEY'RE OURS!
HURRICANES!

WE'VE
MADE IT!



TWO MILES FARTHER DN, THEY WERE MET BY A BRITISH ARMY STAFF CAR.

GLAD TO SEE YOU, COLONEL.
WE'VE RIGGED UP A TEMPORARY
DIVISIONAL H.Q. OUTSIDE STAMPES.
WE'RE A MIXED GRILL OF BRITISH
CANADIANS AND FRENCH—BUT
WE'RE ORGANISING FOR THE
BIG BREAK-OUT.

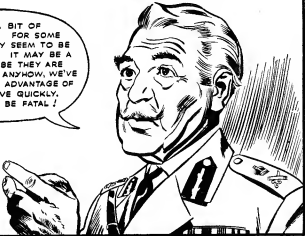


BUT IN THE H.Q., THE NEWS WAS MORE SOMBRE.

THE NAVY ARE PLANNING A MASSIVE
LIFT-OFF FROM THE BEACHES AT
DUNKIRK. BUT I MUST WARN YOU,
GENTLEMEN, THERE'LL BE A LOT
OF HEARTBREAK BEFORE WE
REACH THERE.


WHAT ABOUT
THE GERMAN
ARMOUR, SIR?





THIS IS A BIT OF A MYSTERY. FOR SOME REASON, THEY SEEM TO BE HOLDING OFF. IT MAY BE A TRAP OR MAYBE THEY ARE REGROUPING. ANYHOW, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT AND MOVE QUICKLY. DELAY WILL BE FATAL!

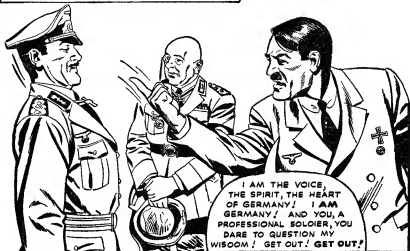
BUT THE REASON FOR THE FAILURE OF THE GERMAN GENERALS TO EXPLOIT THEIR OVERWHELMING ADVANTAGE LAY WITH THE NAZI DICTATOR, WHO WAS DRUNK WITH SUCCESS.



BUT, MEIN FUEHRER, GIVE ME PERMISSION TO CLOSE IN WITH MY ARMOUR AND THE BRITISH ARMY WILL CEASE TO EXIST!

NO! THE BRITISH ARMY IS LITTLE MORE THAN A BEATEN RABBLE. WE CAN MOP THEM UP AT OUR LEISURE. I HAVE OTHER PLANS.

WHEN THE HAPLESS GENERAL INSISTED, HITLER
TURNED ON HIM WITH THE FURY OF A MAOMAN.



IN THE CAMP OF THE 7TH
LANCASTRIAN REGIMENT...

IF THE WOUNDED MEN
WE LEFT BEHIND AT THE
BRIDGE DON'T GET MEDICAL
ATTENTION SOON, SIR, IT'LL
BE TOO LATE. A YOUNG
CANADIAN DOCTOR HERE
HAS OFFERED TO BE
TAKEN OUT TO THEM.

HOW MANY
CASUALTIES
ARE THERE?



ABOUT A
DOZEN, SIR,
PLUS TWO
ORDERLIES
AND FOUR
DRIVERS.

VERY WELL, FIND TWO
VOLUNTEERS TO TAKE
THE DOCTOR OUT TO GIVE
EMERGENCY TREATMENT.
BUT THEY MUST BE BACK
HERE WITHIN TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS, MILLER!



Chapter 4. Across The River

AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT SERGEANT BULLIVANT MADE HIS FIRST AND LAST PROPOSITION TO MALLOY.



THERE WAS AN IRONICAL GLEAM IN BULLIVANT'S EYE AS HE TURNED AWAY...



AT DAWN NEXT DAY, THE THREE VOLUNTEERS WERE DROPPED OFF BESIDE THE WRECKED BRIDGE.

WE'LL BE HERE TO PICK YOU UP THIS TIME TOMORROW. GOOD LUCK!

TELL THE C.O. WE'LL BRING HIM A STICK OF ROCK!



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE OPPOSITE BANK, BULLIVANT'S FACE LENGTHENED THOUGHTFULLY.

NO SIGN OF 'EM. MAYBE THEY'VE BEEN PICKED UP BY JERRIES.

MY TWO MATES ARE WITH 'EM — WALSH AND GALLAGHER. NO SCOUSE JUST GIVES HIMSELF UP LIKE THAT! THEY'LL BE ROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.



AT LAST, THEY ENQUIRED AT THE MONASTERY.

THE ABBOT IS AT PRAYERS, MY SON. HE WILL SEE YOU IN HALF AN HOUR.

THE ABBOT RECEIVED THE DOCTOR IN HIS ROOM...

I AM A DOCTOR, FATHER. I WAS SENT HERE TO TEND TO OUR WOUNDED.

AS YOU WISH, MY SON, BUT THEY ARE IN GOOD HANDS. ONE OF OUR BROTHERS WAS FORMERLY AN EMINENT SURGEON. DON'T WORRY—I HAVE ARRANGED TO HIDE THEM IF THE GERMANS SHOULD APPEAR.

YOU REALISE WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE GERMANS FIND YOU HARBOURING ENEMY WOUNDED?

OF COURSE, BUT WE NEVER TURN AWAY MEN IN NEED OF HELP. WHEN THEY ARE RECOVERED WE WILL FIND A MEANS OF GETTING THEM AWAY.

MALLOY WAS REUNITED
WITH HIS TWO CRONIES.

SO YOU TWO SLACKERS
THINK YOU'VE FOUND A NICE
LITTLE HIDEAWAY TILL THIS
PERISHIN' WAR'S OVER, HUM?
WELL, FORGET IT, YOU'RE
COMIN' BACK WITH ME!

I TOLD YER,
WALSHIE. THIS
BLOKE'S AFTER
A STRIKE!

NEXT DAY, IN THE THIN LIGHT OF
DAWN, NINE MEN WENT BACK TO
THE BRIDGE.

THE DINGHY
WILL ONLY TAKE FOUR
AT A TIME. I'LL FERRY
THREE OF YOU ACROSS
AND BRING IT BACK. YOU
COME WITH ME, DOCTOR.
YOU OTHERS LIE LOW.



MALLOY, WALSH AND GALLAGHER DREW BACK FROM THE EDGE OF THE RIVER AND WATCHED THE DINGHY FLOAT OUT FROM THE BANK...

HEY, MALLOY, D'YOU RECKON OLD BULLIVANT WILL COME BACK FOR US?

'COURSE HE WILL, YOU DUMB-CLUCK! ME AND HIM HAVE GOT SOMETHING TO SETTLE, ONE OF THESE DAYS!

PRIVATE MALLOY HAD SOMEWHAT CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT HIS PLATOON SERGEANT, IT SEEMED.

I'LL SAY THIS FOR BULLIVANT — HE WON'T GO BACK ON HIS WORD, WHATEVER ELSE —

QUIET! SOMEONE'S COMING!

THERE CAME THE SHRILL SCREAM OF CAR-BRAKES, THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET AND HARSH GUTTURAL COMMANDS. THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF THE GERMANS HAD ARRIVED!

ACHTUNG! BRITISHERS ESCAPING! HARTMANN — GOLZ — OPEN FIRE!

JA, HERR HAUPTMANN.



MALLOY AND HIS COMPANIONS THEN HEARD THE VICIOUS STUTTER OF SCHMEISSER GUNS AND SAW THE RUBBER DINGHY COLLAPSE, ITS OCCUPANTS TUMBLING INTO THE RIVER.

THE DIRTY,
KILLING SWINE!
THEY'VE MURDERED
'EM! NEVER GAVE
'EM A CHANCE!



THERE MAY BE OTHERS BY THE
WATER'S EDGE. FIND THEM AND
WIPE THEM OUT, THEN CATCH UP
WITH US. THE GENERAL IS JUST
BEHIND US AND I HAVE TO FIND
QUARTERS FOR HIM
IN LOGUEVILLE.



ONLY TWO ENEMY SOLDIERS WERE LEFT
TO ROUT OUT THE BRITISH.



MALLOY ROSE FROM THE BODY OF THE MAN HE HAD ACCOUNTED FOR AND STARED ACROSS THE RIVER.

THAT'S
BULLIVANT OUT
THERE — HE'S ALIVE!
I'M GOING IN FOR
HIM.

THEY DRAGGED BULLIVANT, HALF DROWNED, FROM THE RIVER AND BROUGHT HIM ROUND.

THE OTHERS ARE DEAD —
I WAS LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH
A BUSTED LEG. LISTEN! THIS
PLACE WILL BE CRAWLING WITH
JERRIES SOON. LEAVE ME HERE
AND GET AWAY
WHILE YOU
CAN.

YOU COME
WITH US, MATE!
I SAID I'D GET EVEN
WITH YOU, AND THAT
STILL GOES!

WATCHING MALLOY, BULLIVANT REALISED THAT THE DOCKSIDE HOODLUM WAS A NATURAL LEADER, A MAN GIFTED WITH THE POWER OF QUICK DECISION.

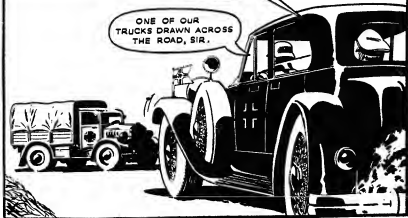
WE'LL
USE THIS
JERRY
VAN.

NO, THERE'S
SOMETHING BETTER
COMING UP — A BIG
BLACK SALOON JOB.
WE'LL TRAVEL IN STYLE.
BACK THIS VAN INTO
THE ROAD.

COLONEL VON SCHUURMANN
WAS TIRED AND HUNGRY.

WHY ARE YOU
STOPPING,
MAN ?

ONE OF OUR
TRUCKS DRAWN ACROSS
THE ROAD, SIR.



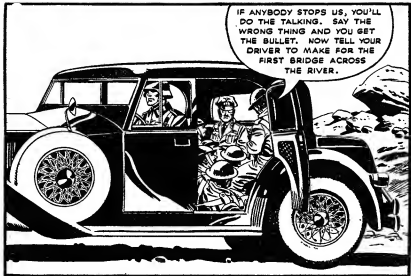
SECONDS LATER, THE COLONEL FOUND HIMSELF STARING INTO THE COLD GREY EYES OF PRIVATE MALLOY ABOVE THE SNOUT OF THE SCHMEISSER SUB-MACHINE GUN.

BRITISCHERS!
HOW DID..?

IT'S A LONG
STORY, WHACKER.
WE'RE THUMBING A
LIFT AND YOU'RE
GONNA TAKE US.
BRING UP THE
SERGEANT,
LADS.



IF ANYBODY STOPS US, YOU'LL
DO THE TALKING. SAY THE
WRONG THING AND YOU GET
THE BULLET. NOW TELL YOUR
DRIVER TO MAKE FOR THE
FIRST BRIDGE ACROSS
THE RIVER.



AS THEY DROVE UP TO THE BRIDGE, MALLOY'S EYES NARROWED, HIS VOICE RASPED SAVAGELY...

HERE THEY COME!
MAKE IT SHORT AND
MAKE IT GOOD!
REMEMBER — IF ANY
TROUBLE STARTS YOU'LL
NEVER SEE THE
END OF IT.

THE SENTRY SAUNTERED ACROSS
AND MALLOY JAMMED THE MUZZLE
OF THE GUN INTO VON SCHUURMANN'S
SIDE.

OBERST VON SCHUURMANN
OF THE FIFTH ARMY CORPS.
BUTTON UP YOUR TUNIC,
MAN! IF I WASN'T IN A
HURRY, I'D REPORT YOU
TO YOUR N.C.O.!

JAWOHL,
SIR. I DIDN'T
KNOW—PASS
THROUGH.

FIFTEEN KILOMETRES LATER, THEY CAME TO THE OUTLYING BRITISH POST.

HEY, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS LOT, HARRY. THEY'VE BROUGHT A GERMAN OFFICER IN FOR TEA.

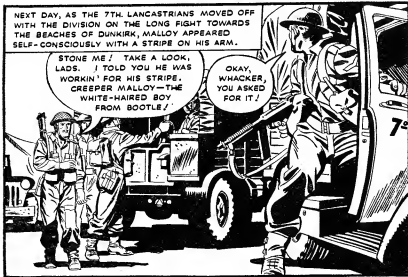
WRAP UP, SOLDIER!



NEXT DAY, AS THE 7TH LANCASTRIANS MOVED OFF WITH THE DIVISION ON THE LONG FIGHT TOWARDS THE BEACHES OF DUNKIRK, MALLOY APPEARED SELF-CONSCIOUSLY WITH A STRIPE ON HIS ARM.

STONE ME! TAKE A LOOK, LADS. I TOLD YOU HE WAS WORKIN' FOR HIS STRIPE. CREEPER MALLOY—THE WHITE-HAIRED BOY FROM BOOTLE!

OKAY, WHACKER, YOU ASKED FOR IT!



THAT NIGHT, SERGEANT
BULLIVANT HAD A VISITOR.

SO I GOT
YOU MADE UP AND
THEY HAD TO BREAK YOU
AGAIN, PRIVATE MALLOY.
WAIT TILL THIS LEG HEALS
— I'LL BEAT SOME SENSE
INTO THAT THICK SKULL
OF YOURS.

IT'S A DEAL,
WHACKER! I'M
GONNA PUT YOU RIGHT
WHERE YOU BELONG—
STRIPES OR NO
STRIPES!

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